

Georgy Wagstaff, daughter of Sir George, of the British admiralty, hints at a Baison between her governess, Ethel Willoughby, and Henry Streetman. Ethel denies it. Henry Streetman calls on Ethel and while waiting for her talks to Brewster, Sir George's butler, who is a German spy, about his failure to get at admiralty papers in Sir George's possession. He phones to German secret service head-quarfers. Streetman, the German spy, and Roeder (allas Brewster, the butler) are discussing the possibility of war. When Ethel appears he tries to force her to get from Sir George knowledge of the salling orders to the British fleet. Though she believes him a French instead of a German spy, she refuses until he threatens her. She begs him to announce their secret marriage, as Georgy is suspicious, but he puts her off. At tea Georgy and her lover, Guy Falconer, tease Sir George, and Streetman makes an awkward attempt to talk politics.

You can imagine, perhaps, the sort of furore that would be kicked up by the entrance of a breezy, slangy, talkative, well-Informed American newspaper reporter into a typical high-class English tea party, and of his effect upon a situation exceedingly tense-when he plunges into a discussion of possible war which the party has been trying to avoid. Read about Charlie Brown of New York in this Installment. ***********

Streetman, the German spy, Sir George Wagstaff, British naval official, Ethel Willoughby, secret wife of Streetman, and others are having tea at the Wagstaff home. The party is discussing a play.

CHAPTER IV-Continued.

"You really ought to see the play. Sir George." the irrepressible Guy remarked. He was always ready to back up Georgy in any deviltry she might embark upon.

"Yes! It deals with our next war," that young lady added.

"As if a playwright knew anything of that!" her father scoffed.

"It's horribly insulting to us Britons," Mrs. Falconer remarked. "Drives in a lot of home truths and

gives us English a fearful ragging!" Guy added cheerfully. Sir Ceorge looked at him somewhat

"Wno wrote it? Bernard Shaw?" be inquired. And there was much reproof in his tone. To him, Shaw was like a red rag to a bull.

"I don't know who wrote it," remember the beasts' names."

"It seemed to me to present a very striking picture of what may very likely happen," Henry Streetman in-

terposed Mrs. Falconer turned to him in as-

tonishment. She did not think that anyone in his senses could have taken that silly play seriously. "You don't mean you really believe

there is going to be war right over there on the continent?" she exclaimed. "I do, rather! And I fancy Sir George agrees with me-don't you, Sir George?" the wily Streetman ventured. He was determined that if he did not succeed in forcing Sir George's hand he would at least give him a run for his money.

Sir George looked bored. "Really, sir, I should prefer not to discuss that matter," he said once

Georgy laughed gayly.

"When father puts on his mantle of dignity like that, it means serious business,' she observed. . And there was a deal of truth in her statement, frivolous as she seemed. But Georgy was no fool. She had not lived with her father close upon eighteen years for nothing. She knew unerringly how to interpret his every manner.

"But why should there be war, even if an Austrian duke did get killed by some Serbian or other?" Mrs. Falconer asked. "Of course I've only seen the headlines," she hastened to add, to disclaim any such plebelan pastime as the reading of newspapers.

"Behind that assassination there is much of international politics and diplomacy," Sir George explained. "In fact, it's rather a long story."

"Then, father, don't tell it!" his sarcastic daughter bantered. Her plea, however, was entirely superfluous. Sir George had not the slightest intention of committing such an indiscretion. But Guy Falconer was ready enough to air his opinions.

"Oh, it's not just Austria and Serbin!" he said confidently. "The trouble is that Germany is patting Austria on the back, and whispering, 'Don't give in, old lady!' And Russia is saying, Serbia, old girl, you're dead right. We'll back you.' And there you are!'

"Georgy-you're not having any ten." Ethel observed. "Oh! I don't want any. If I did,

I'd ask for it," Miss Wagstaff said, "Tea, mother?" Guy inquired of his doting parent. Their discussion of

"None for me, thanks!" Mrs. Fal- said fervently. oner replied. "I've quite outgrown t-ever since i came back from the here?" Guy inquired.

all had driven even the important mat-

her astounding confession. To thoroughgoing Britishers such a remark sation. borders close upon lese majeste.

And then Brewster announced another caller.

"Mr. Charles Brown!" he pronounced in his best manner-a somewhat superfluous statement, perhaps, because all of Brewster's manners were of the

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Brown of New York.

In another moment a slight, wiry man, well along in the thirties, came nervous alertness, his assurance, the other." slightly slouchy but nevertheless aggressive manner in which he held him- Ethel urged. "We're all so self, differentiated him unmistakably terested." from the other men in Ethel's sitting

for Guy was almost like one of Sir

George's family. "Hello, Charlie!" he exclaimed with

undoubted enthusiasm. And straightway he introduced the newcomer to Ethel Willoughby, to whom, as hostess, Guy infallibly turned first.

"You remember my mother?" Guy asked him then.

"You bet I do!" Mr. Brown said heartily as he shook hands with that smiling lady. "Didn't we have a bully time in Chinatown?"

and they both laughed over their reminiscence.

bowed pleasantly enough. And toward Sir George he displayed the utmost affability. "Glad to know you, Sir George!" he

to warn you, though, in case the others Germany." haven't, that I'm a newspaper mana journalist, I think you say over

"You do frighten me," Sir George replied with a twinkle in his eye. "I've rather a terror of your profession, especially when they come from the States."

Charley Brown grinned at him. "Don't worry, Sir George!" Guy in-Intend dicharita describe and

"Father's only spoofing you," Georgy assured the reporter.

Georgy said carelessly. "I never can during his short stay in London, that the English language.

But his quick mind was not long at fault. "Oh, sure! Kidding-that's it! . . But, Sir George, I don't blame you. We do butt in a good deal into things that don't actually concern us or the public, but I happen to belong to a newspaper where it isn't a crime for one of its staff to act like a gentleman; so don't think I'm making mental notes or that you have to put



"Father's Only Spoofing You."

the brakes on. If you skid, it's just a private tea party, and that ends it." ter at issue, there was a fervent ring "You greatly relieve me," Sir George Wagstaff said, smiling. "But I'll try his sentiments, not to-skid-as you put it." "Then that's all right!" the Ameri-

"And, speaking of tea, won't you have some?" Ethel asked him.

"You bet I will!" he responded in his Yankee vernacular. And he stepped quickly to the table behind which she sat. "It's a great habit, tea," he dilated, as he took the cup from her. the subject uppermost in the minds of "I'm going to introduce it at the that is ready-absolutely ready. She Knickerbocker bar when I get back. is the only nation that can risk a war ter of tea completely out of his mind. It's got cacktalls skinned a mile," he with any chance of victory,"

"Old man, what are you doing over

paper thought they needed a in their London news, and I eeded one, so I came over."

"It must be very interesting w Ethel Willoughby observed. She is more than interested in Guy's intriend. His sort was new to be in friend. His sort was new to her and though his breeziness might not have been considered quite good form in an Englishman, it was a quality which the British find both refreshing and entertaining in an American.

"It is interesting," Charlie Brown told her. "But you sound as if you were going to interview me; and for the love of Mike-don't!"

"Who is Mike?" Sir George inquired innocently, in his endeavor to grisp the intricacies of Mr. Brown's confer

"Oh, he's an Irishman we American swear by," the newspaper man replied. "Fancy that! How odd!" Mrs. Paloner exclaimed. She did not know

that Mr. Brown was-spoofing-row. "Since you're a newspaper nan you must know everything," said Georgy Wagstaff. She quite fancied the stranger; and she wanted to know him better.

"Well, at least I try to convince my editor of that," he replied.

"Then tell us about the war! We'r very ignorant. We only read the head breezily into the room. The first glance lines," she said. "Father won't talk told that he was an American. His It'd be a breach of-somethin deci

"Do tell us your opinion, Mr. Byewn!"

"I suppose I can talk v George can't-and I do love to talk." Guy rose to greet him. He had in- Brown admitted. No one knew his vited the American to join the party, pet failing any better than himself. "Silent Charlie-that's what they call him!" Guy informed the others de

lightedly. "You don't mind, Sir George?" The American turned inquiringly to Sir George Wagstaff.

"Naturally not!" the older man a sented good-naturedly. "As you said, this is only a private tea party." "Then please do!" Georgy insisted "If you don't, Guy will!" She dearly

loved to rag her devoted admirer. "Away!" Brown declaimed in mock satisfaction at being able to scatter "Rather!" Mrs. Falconer replied; his opinions broadcast. "Well, I'll tell While most of you Londoners have been wondering whether the To Henry Streetman the American Irish are going to start a civil war, or whether Gunboat Smith did foul Car pentier, I've been digging up some in side dope, and, believe me, there's go ing to be a merry old bust-up. Russaid as he gripped his hand. "I want sia, I know, is mobilizing; and so it

> "But can Russia, with her interna conditions, afford to fight?" Streetm asked him.

"I don't know whether she can at ford to or not," Charlie Brown sail "But I believe she is going to." "I take it you are not particularly informed on Russia," Streetman

torted, somewhat acidly. "Oh, yes I am!" the undaunted hydrology "By George, you have!" said Guy Ree report. "I know it's awfully and Talconer. He had listened, like the there, and that they drink vodka, and others, with increasing wonder as the have revolutions, and send their pris- American told his story. oners to Siberia, and apart from that bores. But Mr. Brown was far from being a bore. What saved him was the fact that he always said something

well worth listening to. Guy Falconer did not allow the conel's table and took a sandwith off a thoritative fashion. plate. But before he regaled himself with it he paused long enough to say: "You know, I think Charlie's right."

"Go on, Mr. Brown!" Georgy said, mpatient at the interruption. "Don't you think Germany can defeat both France and Russia?" Street-

man demanded. "Maybe-maybe!" Charlle Brown "But with England on their sald.

Streetman did not wait for him to "England, with a civil war in Ulster

on her hands, wouldn't dare-" he began heatedly. And then Mr. Brown interrupted him. He had not the slightest inten-

tion of being browbeaten by anybody. And there was a vague antagonism in Streetman's manner toward him that coused him mightily. "Civil war!" he exclaimed. "Why.

if England has a scrap with Germany. that Ulster trouble will stop in ten minutes; and every Irishman that goes to the front will lick three Germansmaybe four. . . . I've seen the Irish mix things up in New York." Streetman subsided, for the moment

beneath that avalanche of words, "And you think Germany is quite prepared to face those odds?" Ethel Willoughby asked the American.

"Not intentionally," he replied. "The Germans have got everything down so pat in theory that nothing can stop them; but God help 'em if their the ries don't work." There was no mistaking where Brown's sympathies lay. For, though he had not by words expressed his real feelings in the matin his voice that sufficiently betrayed

Meanwhile Henry Streetman re garded him with extreme disfavor. Perhaps for the moment, among all those enemies, he momentarily forgot that his interests required that he should by no means appear to hold any opinions that one might not expect in the most insular of the English.

"It seems a pity," he said, "but Germany is the only nation in the world

His companions looked at him in astonishment. And Sir George Wagstaff even was stirred out of the attitude States," The others looked against at "Oh! Just snooping around! The of apathy that he was wont to assume,

"You talk strangely, sir, for an Engishman," he told Streetman. But his manifest reproof seemed lost upon

that gentleman. "My nationality does not blind me to the facts," the spy said hastily.

"I admire the Germans in lots of ways," Charlie Brown continued, in what was really only a futile effort to appear neutral. "At all the arts and sciences they're wonders. And it's a cinch they've got a great military machine."

"The most marvelous in the world!" Streetman agreed with him heartily. Charlie Brown set his empty teacup on the table.

"You're dead right there!" he assented. "Why, back in New York I know a waiter at Luechow's-bully German place!-who was telling me one day how Germany had everything doped out. If war came he'd chase back to his home town-go to his armory, and in his locker, number 256, he'd find his uniform, his shoes, his gun properly oiled, some of that dried pea soup, fresh water in his canteen! They've been putting fresh water in those canteens every day for two years past. In fact, everything a soldier needs would be there waiting for him. Then he'd march down to the station and in a couple of hours he and



You Talk Strangely, Sir, for an Englishman.'

hundreds of thousands like him would got to hand it to a country that's got it all planned out like that."

"If England were only prepared, too, words was only too evident to them there is no regular 'line,' a point which

all. "But she isn't prepared-not the least bit-is she, Sir George?" Charlie Brown turned to the member of the versation to interrupt his mitistry to British admiralty as a man who could the inner man. He stepped ut to Eth. easily back up his statement in an au-

Sir George Wagstaff vouchsafed an enigmatic smile. He was, to be sure, vitally interested in everything the that prohibition is right in principle newspaper man had said. But he had startled into making any ingenuous admission.

"If you don't mind, sir, I should prefer merely to listen," he said quietly. "I get you," Brown replied, with a of habit makes me ask questions. I for the work of reconstruction after guess I thought I was interviewing the war, America must conserve and you." And, taking out his cigarette strengthen every bit of physical and case, he asked Ethel's permission to mental power in her citizenship. Prosmoke. Always an enthusiast, he had tect the home, the office, the shop, from thrown every ounce of his nervous en- the raids of rum! Give us nation-wide ergy into the discussion. War was a prohibition! subject that, in those days, was eve present in his mind.

"Preparation such as Germany's is often the surest guaranty of peace," Streetman remarked, reluctant to quit the topic that most interested him. He hoped, too, in the course of the tea party, to gather information of some sort that might prove of value to him. He had been quick to perceive that the American was uncommonly well informed upon conditions throughout

Europe. "Ordinarily such preparation makes for peace," Brown admitted. "But not with Germany! She's been itching for a chance to demonstrate her theories: but the trouble is, she guesses wrong. Diplomatically, ever since old George W. Bismarck died, she's never been right. And just now she's guessing she can lick France, Russia and England with the rest of the world thrown

"And perhaps she's right," Henry Streetman could not refrain from add-

CHAPTER VI.

One of England's Sons. Charlie Brown lighted his cigarett: in silence, while he digested Street man's amazing statement.

announced that the teacher

Brown, as you see, is unusually shrewd and quick of apprehension. Does it occur to you that he suspects Streetman and takes this method of drawing him out?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

emperance

IKES PROHIBITION.

Mr. W. Innes Paterson of Red Cloud, Neb., writes that the change in that state since the dry law went into effect is marvelous. He says:

"On the 4th of July a celebration was held in this town, and I don't think I ever saw a quieter crowd in a place of its size and not a single intoxicated person. Almost every 'amily has an automobile and everywhere remarks such as 'Not a drunken man,' 'What a difference from other years,' 'We will never go back to it, There is nothing can be said in favor of it,' are heard. There was not a single auto accident; not an incident to mar the pleasure. The farmers' familles were well-dressed, with money to spend. Even big cities that it was thought would be drastically affected by the sudden change, are vowing never again will they allow the curse to blight. There is absolutely no argument for its continued use in any civilized country after the demonstration in the United States."

AUTHORITATIVE TESTIMONY.

In a telegram to President Wilson, the mayor of Savannah, Ga., thus testified to the value of prohibition as an

economic measure: "Prohibition in Savannah has produced astonishing economic benefits. Following are the percentages of reduction of arrests for crime: Assault with intent to murder, 64; burglary, 47; drunk and disorderly, 72; larceny, 50; larceny after trust, 76; murder, 66 2-3; lunacy, 54; number of convicts reduced, 50 per cent. Approximately 3,000 less calls for patrol wagon and 10,000 less articles pledged with pawnbrokers than in previous years of open saloons. Farmers and other employers of labor agree efficiency and reliability of labor increased 50 per cent. Enormous quantity of grain required for production of alcoholic drinks is urgently needed for food. It will be a crime to allow continued waste in this manner. National prohibition during war is of vital importance."

DRINK AND WHITE SLAVERY.

Miss Kate J. Adams, social worker of Chicago, and author of the Kate Adams law, tells us that girls are disappearing in that city at the rate of be off to the front. . . . Now, you've three every two days-more than 500 a year. Most of these are without doubt victims of the white slave traffic. "The federal government," says Miss Adams, "maintains a special white slave officer in all cities of 25,000 or more inhabitants which have segregated vice districts, but"-note this state-"Spoofing? Spoofing?" Mr. Brown repeated in a somewhat bewildered fashion. He had met many words, during his short stay in London, that he had never before encountered in proves what I have always maintained, that no vice district can thrive or even exist for any length of time without whisky."

MAKE IT NATION-WIDE. The action of the government in prohibiting the sale of liquor to soldiers proves that it recognizes the fact and expedient in policy. Then why not no intention of allowing himself to be extend it? If in the interests of health and efficiency enlisted men are given federal protection from Demon Rum, why not also the men who are doing war work at home? Why not the boys who will later be summoned to miliquick nod of understanding. "Force tary service? To be fit for war and

TWO OF A KIND.

The brewers used 68,400,000 bushels of grain in 1916. This grain would make annually cargoes for over a thousand vessels of 1,600 tons each. German submarines are sinking only about twenty vessels of all classes a week and but a small per cent of these are loaded with grain. Which is rendering the kaiser the better service, his submarines or the brewers of the United States?-The American Issue.

A GOOD MOVE.

"It wouldn't be a bad idea," recently said the Country Gentleman, "if more tobacco growers agreed with the Wisconsin farmer who wrote to his experiment station that he was going to put his tobacco lands into grain because he felt it his duty to grow crops for food. In an emergency like this it is worth while to seat John Barleycorn on the toboggan with My Lady Nicotine and give them a good swift

KAISER BARLEYCORN.

Kaiser Barleycorn is not only a disturber but he is a traitor. If he is simply interned during war he is liable to break out again. He should be executed instanter. - Denver Labor Balletin.

FOOLISH MOUSE.

Once upon a time a mouse got a taste of the dripping from a liquor cask in the cellar. Soon he began to feel gay and dance around. Then he hopped into a chair and called out, "Bring on your cat!"

BAKER'S COCOA

Purity in cocoa means carefully selected, scrupulously cleaned cocoa beans, scientifically blended, skilfully roasted, and with the excess of fat removed, reduced to an extremely fine powder by a strictly mechanical process, no chemicals being used, the finished product containing no added mineral matter.

> AND IT HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR



HOLES IN OTHER STOCKING

DORCHESTER

Aristocratic Customer Undone by Impatient Clerk, Who Pulled Off the Wrong Shoe.

The aristocratic and plutocratic ooking young woman walked into the downtown shoe store, says the Indianapolis News, and demanded a fitting. (Demanded was the tone of voice.) Majestically she lowered herself into the regulation seat proffered her by the manager of the department and he assigned Classy Charles, the piftlest matinee idol in the shop, to the cus-

The woman began by asking to see everything that was shown in the window outside, Classy C. started out to fill the order. He did. But none of the shoes were good enough for madam's dainty foot. As the day wore on and the customer stayed, C. C. began to perspire. The other clerks looked on and grinned. Not that they disliked Charles, but, well, there was a feeling among the fellows about him. All this did not change the expression on Chares face: it remained, that same winning smile. But finally after about half the stock had been laid out for inspection, the manager whispered to Charles, "Are you that rotten?" Which made Charles as mad as could be. He forgot himself. He violated the first rule of etiquette of the shoe clerk. (No. It is the second: the first is hand out the usual line about the quality, etc.) He yanked off her left shoe. Lo, and behold, the stocking on the left foot was full of holes! If the right one was perfect, what a flaw in the woman's other piece of hosiery? The clerks gasped. The woman scream-

ed. The other boys laughed. Then with a sigh of it-can't-behelped, she remarked: "But we won't mind the holes." She bought a pair of tennis shoes, high tops, ten minutes

Spoken With Feeling. "How about your wife?" "Eh?"

"You used to complain that she didn't know how to market, wouldn't shop around, couldn't remember prices and all that." "She does now. Prices nowadays

are engraved on her heart."

Unconscious humor seldom makes the right people laugh.

Save In the Use of Wheat

Grape-Nuts

By eating

All the food value of the grain is used in making this delicious food; and its blend of malted barley not only adds to its nourishing qualities but produces a

All Food -No Waste!

ness.

flavor of unusual rich-